The Sun.

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Bryan and the Grand Young Man Again.

Mr. BRYAN has been having things very much his own way during the past two weeks and a prodigious hurrah he has made of it. We note a striking resemblance to similar periods in 1896 and 1900. The same swarming, perspiring crowds, the old familiar defiances and denunciations, albeit with a much more frugal heed to the topics it will pay to broach and the issues that had better be kept in the background until after the fateful day of November. The same old BRYAN, we apprehend, but a shrewder and more alert BRYAN, with the lessons of many defeats and the hopes of present victory to steer by.

A very alarming prospect has just been unfolded for Mr. BRYAN's contemplation. The Republican managers have resolved to send the Hon. ALBERT JEREMIAH BEVERIDGE upon his trail to answer his proclamations, to confute his arguments and to smother him in a fog of vociferation. The weather is abating now. The nights are cooling off, the days are dissolving into temperance, and BEVERIDGE can soon endue himself in that frock coat, at once seductive and sublime, without which he is not as impressive as could be desired by his friends. It is in that coat he finds his most majestic opportunities. With everybody else on the platform seated he suggests the towering sycamore. In the deep Charybdis of its loosened front he plunges the melodious hand not then devoted to gesticulation, and makes a figure fairer than Young Love murmuring on the moonlit slopes and terraces.

What will BRYAN do with BEVERIDGE following close upon his heels, exchanging apostrophes freely, hurling back every bitter scoff and going him one better on each succeeding serenade? BRYAN is not as tuneful as he was. He has lost or is compelled to avoid many of his most captivating notes. He is no longer young and ardent and gracious to the eye. Subjected to daily comparison with BEVERIDGE's adolescent eagerness and beauty he will find his vista narrowing and his versatility confined. No more for him the playful jest, the airy quip, the loose, unguarded accusation. With this rosy and agile boy confronting him at every turn he will have to put away the pipe and get him to his loud bassoon.

BRYAN has always been ahead in September. We recall in campaigns past the noise of the captains and the shouting at just this stage, the dust of marching thousands, and the reluctant but stupendous contributions of the thoroughly dismayed Republicans. Something happened each time—in 1896 and in 1900. This time it is BEVERIDGE.

Christmas Island.

It's not exactly a Bernardin de St. Pierre spot on which the latest castaways of the Pacific have elected to be cast. The sixty mile sand ring which encircles its shallow lagoon is for the most part as barren as Coney Island; it rises scarcely ten feet above the sea; only in rare spots is enough soil to grow a sparse grass, a few thickets of the Tournefortia and some rather extensive groves of cocoanuts. It is wholly waterless. The sand ring is to the eye diversified by pools—one is really a lake of five miles in length—and in between the sand ridges lie extensive swamps; but this water is all salt, salter by half than the sea itself. Not even the black South Sea rat, so dear to gastronomes, has found its way to this remote and unpromising Christmas Island on which the crew and ship's company of the Australian liner Æon have made their lodgment, glad to have escaped from death and still more glad that they have escaped the need to grieve the loss of their companions.

But Christmas has its alleviations. There is no water, to be sure, but it is easy to get all the potable water that is needed by sinking beach wells, pits dug above the level of the thin tides of that midocean and sunk below the level of low tide, each well yielding good water for about three days. When it begins to smack of the salt it is no hard matter to dig another well. The cocoanut abounds and folk better conditioned than this human jetsam will forget the lack of cooling streams when they can drain the sparkling contents of the green nut. A great plant the cocoanut, a most satisfactory vegetable. Its qualifications as a universal provider have become an aphorism. If a shipwrecked mariner be washed ashore, thirsty, starving, naked and without a shelter, and come to rest at the foot of a cocoanut, before four and twenty hours he will find himself fed, clothed, housed, warmed and lighted and gloriously drunk into the bargain. Christmas owes its trees of this polyphase delight to Captain COOK, a worthy monument to a great circumnavigator.

Nor is this the end of the inducements which Christmas offers to intending tenants with no small children. Its birds—and it's an aviary in the midst of the sea—are so unabashed that they peck at the ankles of the castaway until he is made to see that the raw material of his morning omelet is lightly laid in every tussock of grass.

The lagoon swarms with turtle, and every turtle is green, the heavenly aldermanic and Lord Mayoral hue, and calipash and calipee pay unexpected dividend of diet. COOK's lot, those hardy souls who first bore that designation, turned 800 such provender and every turtle scaled a hundredweight. It may not be so bad to be a castaway, provided one has the sense to pick out Christmas Island on which to come to grief.

To the aldermanic mind it might seem impossible to surpass an island of clear turtle. But listen. Christmas Island fairly swarms with hermit crabs, those odd crustaceans who never own their own homes whether through the building and loan or on the instalment plan. Every hermit has one large claw with which to do his fighting, chiefly the eviction of his neighbor from a more commodious shell. That claw holds a chunk of delicate white meat about as big as a man's thumb. If the castaways have had the presence of mind to salvage a supply of parmesan, just think how these claws will lend themselves to canapé Lorenzo. And if they haven't, then broiled alive the crab will prove itself sufficiently succulent; and it's all so remote that Deacon ANGELL will not worry the diners.

COOK discovered this paradise of the table on Christmas Eve in 1777. Some have sought to identify it with Oacea, which the Spaniard GRIJALVA in 1537 found somewhere in those waters. COOK's discovery of it of right remains, for it was COOK who found the green turtle and the hermit crabs and planted the cocoanuts.

Extending the Curriculum.

While Colonel CHARLES W. LARNED of the United States Military Academy at West Point is illustrating the inefficiency of our public school education for all practical purposes, Postmaster-General MEYER proposes still further to complicate the processes of those institutions by having the local postmasters lecture the pupils on the organization of the postal service. It is Mr. MEYER'S idea, in fact, to arrange for a series of "short talks" through the medium of which the children may be informed as to the scope of the service's operations, the methods of delivering the mails, the classification of matter, the organization of the postal savings banks and the extension of the parcels post.

Colonel LARNED has just shown in the *North American Review* that out of 351 youngsters—90 per cent. being the product of the public schools—who appeared for the entrance examinations at West Point 223 were rejected. He showed that as a class the high school boys and even college men knew little if anything about spelling or history or any other rudimentary form of education. All this, however, has been considered already, and it is tragic and deplorable enough. But now comes Postmaster-General MEYER proposing that in addition to a curriculum which sufficiently obfuscates and bewilders the pupils with its physiology, botany, music, French, German, drawing, geometry, and what not, the innocent victims shall be further oppressed at stated periods with "short talks" by the nearest postmaster on the details and the general scope of the postal service.

Far be it from us to intimate that the average local postmaster is no more capable of imparting than the average pupil is of assimilating anything in the nature of an enlightened idea in these respects. Neither do we waste time in challenging the wisdom of still further burdening these already overburdened young folks with matter far outside the proper scheme of public education. We are concerned chiefly with the postmaster himself and the unhappy youths Mr. MEYER wishes him to talk to. As it is, we see the public school children going daily to their places of torture, with lacklustre eyes and leaden heels, stooping under loads of books they can never understand, condemned to nights of misery, and rewarded at the last with foolish trinkets and testimonials testifying to their patient martyrdom. As it is, they are bowed down beneath a load beyond their strength and apprehension. Upon them the Postmaster-General now would impose the undeserved penalty of listening to an official who in seven cases out of ten will not know what he is talking about and who couldn't do the children anything but harm even if he knew.

"It is the Postmaster-General's expectation that the school children will be useful to the postal service in seeing that letters are properly and plainly addressed." It is our expectation that they will curse his name for subjecting them to additional unhappiness. If some one should propose a means of lightening their burdens, of teaching them the essentials and giving them badges not to be paid for in health and youth they would rise up and call him blessed, and perhaps under such a dispensation a respectable percentage of them might be able to qualify for some function in real life. As it is, they have our pity and, as yet, our hopes.

Italy and the Triple Alliance.

Would Italy in the event of a European war side with Germany and Austria against France, Russia and Great Britain? There is no doubt that up to 1912 she is bound by treaty to do so, having renewed her assent to the Triple Alliance in 1902 for ten years. It is true that she reserved the option of denouncing the treaty after five years, but she forebore to exercise that option in 1907. Does it follow that if a war broke out during the next four years the Italian Ministry of the moment would send troops against France, or that public opinion would tolerate such a move? Grave doubt has been cast upon the question by the support given by Italy to France in the Algeciras convention and her refusal the other day to return a favorable reply to the German Emperor's proposal for the immediate recognition of MULAI HAFID as Sultan of Morocco.

As the question of Italy's loyalty under severe pressure—such as would be administered by the British navy—is of grave if not vital moment to Germany, it is worth while to note what is said about it by a distinguished Italian journalist, Mr. SALVATORE CORTESI, in the *North American Review*. As he reminds us, it was the French occupation of Tunis in 1881 which alienated Italy, not only because the latter country's commercial relations to the Regency were much closer than were those of France, but because BISMARCK before the Berlin congress had intimated a willingness to see Tunis annexed to the Italian monarchy. It was in October of the same year that King HUMBERT paid a visit to the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, and in May of the following year the first treaty of the Triple Alliance was concluded, the parties to which reciprocally guaranteed the integrity of their territories. That is to say, by the original Triple Alliance Germany had the sum of her interests guaranteed by the two other Powers, while the latter could not count on Germany if their interests were threatened or injured outside their frontier. For Germany the maintenance of her territorial *status quo* was the supreme, indeed exclusive interest she had in Europe, whereas Italy entered the alliance after Tunis and because of Tunis, showing that her chief object was the safeguarding of her interests in the Mediterranean.

The original treaty was operative for five years, and it was materially changed when it was renewed by Count DI ROBILANT, who was Minister for Foreign Affairs from June, 1885, to July, 1887. Instead of the single treaty signed in 1882 three different treaties were concluded, one of the most important additions being an agreement that neither Italy nor Austria should undertake any action which might alter the *status quo* in the Near East—without being in accord with the allies. The second renewal of the Triple Alliance by the Marquis DI RUDINI in 1891, before it expired and for a double period of time, created less resentment in France than had been provoked by the preceding compacts. Indeed, the second Rudini Administration in 1896 drew France and Italy more nearly together through negotiations for a commercial treaty to take the place of the tariff war which by that time had become more injurious to the French republic than to the Italian kingdom. Next the Marquis VISCONTI VENOSTA when Minister of Foreign Affairs entered into an understanding with France, much talked of during the Algeciras conference, by which Italy disinterested herself in the settlement of Morocco and received in exchange an assurance that France would not put any obstacle in the way of an eventual occupation of Tripoli by Italy.

Mr. CORTESI says that by this time the relations between France and Italy had become so cordial that many politicians favorable to a Latin union hoped that the Triple Alliance was nearing its end. As a matter of fact, however, Marquis PRINETTI, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Zanardelli Cabinet, the most friendly to France since the occupation of Tunis, renewed the alliance in May, 1902, for ten years without altering a single clause, but, as we have said, reserving the option of denouncing it after five years. That option was not exercised, but that Italy's relation to the Triple Alliance is quite different from that of a quarter of a century ago is evident from a speech recently made by Senator TITTONI, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Senator TITTONI made it distinctly understood that Italy remains in the Triple Alliance on the condition that she shall never be compelled to fight England, which, if we consider the present grouping of the Powers, must also mean that she will not fight France.

In view of the existing relations of Italy to Great Britain and France, Mr. CORTESI arrives at the conclusion that in the event of conflict between Germany and the French republic the utmost that could be obtained from Italy by her allies would be a benevolent neutrality.

One of John Sherman's Speeches.

In a study of the late JOHN SHERMAN, contributed to the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society Publications, GEORGE U. HARN has taken the trouble to dissect a speech delivered by Mr. SHERMAN at Zanesville in May, 1895, to show the simplicity of construction used by this statesman in his public utterances, even when he was discussing the most weighty and intricate subjects. The address was short, consisting of about 1,630 words, eliminating proper nouns and figures. It included a retrospect of the history of the Republican party and definitions of its attitude on the tariff and money issues.

Mr. SHERMAN used in all 532 different words. More than a thousand of the 1,630 words spoken by him were monosyllables and over 350 were dissyllables. The article "the" was used 145 times, the preposition "of" 109 times, the conjunction "and" 59 times. Seventy-two words beginning with the letter "p" were used 130 times. The proper nouns employed were:

"Atlantic, American (twice), Australia, Democrat, Europe, Grant (twice), Lincoln, Mexico, McKinley (twice), North, Ohio (six times), Populists, Republican (17 times), Sherman (twice), Sheridan, South, Union, United States, Wilderness."

The figures used were 1855, 1873, 1892 and $50,000,000, which Mr. HARN calls six words. Ten times Mr. SHERMAN used the first person singular pronoun, "but not once egotistically," says this student of his words. Mr. HARN says in his text that not one word beginning with "j," "h," or "z" was used by the speaker, but in the tabular analysis of the address we find thirteen words, used fifty-one times, all beginning with "h." Obviously only studied effort could avoid the use of "had" which Mr. SHERMAN employed sixteen times, while "honor" and "honestly," "home" and "hardship" must appear in every political outgiving.

The Library Builders.

The Jersey counties of Morris, Union and Warren are white with franked copies of a speech delivered in the House of Representatives last April by the Hon. CHARLES NEWELL FOWLER, who is much attached to his constituents at present. The graceful and touching part of this speech is a letter from the Hon. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the inspirer and exemplar of Mr. FOWLER's most beloved and most illustrious work. However unsuccessful as a statesman, however unfortunate as a currency reformer, Mr. FOWLER is endeared to his district, to which he is otherwise unknown, as a library builder, an imitator of Skibo's bonnie Thane, a provider of the cheap defence of nations.

Whatever happens in the nominating convention or at the polls to him whom the impassioned resolutions of the Colored Currency and Fowler Club of Parsippany have well called "the great leader of a great cause," his fame is secure so long as the Fowler Library stands in Fowler Square, Elizabeth, its Parian marble not so flawless as its founder.

We notice that the Hon. QUINTUS JUNIUS CHOTT of Chicago is telling the Tar Heel Democrats that Mr BRYAN will carry Illinois, Indiana, most of the middle West, and has an even chance in Ohio. There is a large sunniness of vision about Mr. CHOTT which ought to be recognized and encouraged at headquarters. As the editor of a daily bulletin he would be a comfort and an inspiration such as Senator JONES of Arkansas used to be.

This morning Mr. ROOSEVELT continues his "Causeries du Lundi," or, shall we say, remembering another omniscient, the late JOSEPHUS COOK, his Monday morning lectures?

METAPOTATORY.

Origin of the Classic Legend of Parched Intervals.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Having been for many years a delver in the history and traditions of our Southern States I feel myself qualified to contribute something to the discussion raised by your correspondent Mr. Chambers in his letter of September 9. Governor Moorhead and Governor Vance of North Carolina are credited with originating the tippler's signal: "It's a long time between drinks." Another story has it that it was not a Governor at all, but Judge Aedanus Burke, a hearty old Irishman who was a Judge in South Carolina during and just after the Revolution.

There is also a legend, unsupported by dates or authority, but to be found in old chronicles, that early in the nineteenth century some such incident as this occurred: The Governor of South Carolina issued a requisition for the return of a fugitive in hiding in North Carolina. The Governor of North Carolina hesitated, as the fugitive had many powerful friends; whereupon, becoming impatient, the Governor of South Carolina with a huge retinue went to Raleigh and waited on his official brother. The Governor of North Carolina rose to the social requirements of the occasion and provided a great banquet. At the end of it the Governor of South Carolina rose at the table and stated his errand. The Governor of North Carolina was greatly embarrassed, and failing to get a reply the Governor of South Carolina grew very angry. "Sir," he said, "you have refused my just demands and offended the dignity of my office. If you persist in your refusal I will return, sir, to my capital and call out the militia of my State and take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?"

All eyes were turned upon the Governor of North Carolina as again the Governor of South Carolina demanded: "What does the Governor of North Carolina say?"

The Governor of North Carolina slowly arose and deliberately replied:

"I say, Governor, that it is a long time between drinks."

The visitors were, so tradition reports, taken with a great escort to the State line, and the fugitive was never surrendered.

This legend seems to have suggested to Meredith Nicholson the plot of his "Little Brown Jug at Kildare."

E. MARCY LITTLETON.

NEW YORK, September 19.

The Fear of Being Buried Alive.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In Thursday's SUN "Ex-Chaplain" seems to be greatly distressed over the possible burial of persons who are still alive and mentions the case of a girl at Washington who was buried for eight days recently and was taken from the grave not any the worse for her experience. He mentions that she was in a condition of catalepsy produced by a Hindu hypnotist and willingly submitted to the burial treatment, but he does not say that a tube was inserted into the grave directly over her face to supply her with air. That one item of prudence makes it all easy and proves nothing, though your correspondent says the girl "proved that there is not an editor in the country who may not be buried alive." It is true that even an editor might be buried alive, but he would not remain alive long enough to suffer if he had no air, as in ordinary burial. How much air a person in a cataleptic state needs to exist I do not know—does anybody know?—but these experimental burials are never made without the air tube, and as far as any danger to life is concerned the patients are quite as safe as if they were in their own beds. Of course, it is possible to bury a person alive, but any possibility of suffering is nil, for a person so far gone as that could not recover consciousness without air. That fear by the living may at least be eliminated. With the tests now in use probably not one person in a million is buried alive or embalmed while alive, which is worse, and the fear that still prevails among some is as foolish as it is useless.

NEW YORK, September 18. K. J. R. M.

Trials by Jury in England.

From the London Globe.

Trial by jury is not a popular institution in the county courts. Of the 836,529 actions determined last year only 837 were tried by juries. On three of the most important circuits—the Manchester, the Leeds and the Bolton circuits—not a single case was tried by a jury all through the year. On the Cardiff circuit the jury box was occupied but once, and on the Newcastle and the Carlisle circuits not more than twice. Curiously enough, the demand for the services of jurymen has diminished as the business of the County Council has increased. Twenty years ago, when the number of actions determined was 211,969 less, the number tried by juries was 322 more.

The Standard of Measurement.

Although we live in times of peace,
 Though dogs of war are not unloosed,
Yet all the sums of which we hear
 To terms of Dreadnoughts are reduced.

If some one wants a library,
 A church or playground, school or guild,
He shows how many of the same
 A single Dreadnought's cost would build.

If we would grasp the numerals
 By which a rich man's wealth is known,
We haste to tell an eager world
 How many Dreadnoughts he could own.

If husbands grouchily esteem
 A millinery bill too high,
They cipher out in figures plain
 How many Dreadnoughts it would buy.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

NIETZSCHE'S APOSTASY.

Although Macaulay called Horace Walpole a "wretched fribble," that gossip knew a trick or two in fancy fencing. "Oh," he wrote, "I am sick of visions and systems that shove one another aside and come again like figures in a moving picture." This was the outburst of a man usually insincere and fickle, but frank in this instance. Issuing from the mouth of Friedrich Nietzsche this cry of the entertaining, shallow Walpole would have been curiously apposite. The unhappy German poet and philosopher suffered during his intellectual life from the "moving pictures" of other men's visions and systems, and when he finally escaped them all and evoked his own dream world his brain became overclouded and he passed away "trailing clouds of glory." It is an imperative necessity for certain natures to change their opinions, to slough, as sloughs a snake its skin, their master ideas. This process often repeated, as in the case of Wagner and Nietzsche, has been critically damned as an evidence of mental inconsistency. Yet of Beethoven we speak of his three styles. Why not do so with Nietzsche? Schopenhauer and Flaubert chiselled away at the ideas they conceived when young; even Ibsen, whose last manner seems so remotely removed from his first, did not in reality vary much. From "Cataline" to the Epilogue: "When We Dead Awake" there runs the same thread of moral nihilism. Ibsen was always Ibsen.

With Nietzsche the apparent contradictions of his Wagner worship and Wagner hatred may be explained if we closely examine the concepts of his first work of importance, "The Birth of Tragedy." It was a misfortune that his bitterest book, "The Wagner Case," should have been first translated into English, for Wagner is our music maker now, and the rude assaults of Nietzsche fall upon deaf ears; while those who had read the earlier and celebrated essay, "Richard Wagner and Bayreuth," were puzzled and outraged. Certainly the man who could thus flout what he once adored must have been mad. This was the popular verdict, a facile and unjust verdict. What Nietzsche first postulated as to the nature of music he returned to at the close of his life; the mighty personality of Richard Wagner had deflected the stream of his thought for a few years. But as early as 1872 doubts began to trouble his sensitive conscience—this was before his pamphlet "Richard Wagner and Bayreuth"—and his note books of that period were sown with question marks. In the singularly interesting correspondence with Dr. Georg Brandes, who literally revealed to Europe the genius of Nietzsche, we find this significant passage:

> I was the first to distil a sort of unity out of the two [Schopenhauer and Wagner] * * * All the Wagnerians are disciples of Schopenhauer. Things were different when I was young. Then it was the last of the Hegelians who clung to Wagner, and "Wagner and Hegel" was still the cry in the '50s.

Nietzsche might have added the name of the philosopher Feuerbach, too. Wagner's English apologist, Ashton Ellis, repudiates the common belief that Wagner refashioned the latter part of the Ring so as to introduce in it his newly acquired Schopenhauerian ideas. Wagner was always a pessimist, declares Mr. Ellis; Schopenhauer but confirmed him in his theories. Wagner, like Nietzsche, was too often a weathercock. A second rate poet and philosopher, he stands chiefly for his magnificent music. Nietzsche or any other *polemiker* cannot change the map of music by fulminating against Wagner. Time may prove his true foe; the devouring years that always show such hostility to music of the theatre, music that is not pure music.

The spirit of the letter to Brandes quoted above may be found in "Nietzsche Contra Wagner" ("The Case of Wagner," page 72). Nietzsche wrote:

> I similarly interpreted Wagner's music in my own way as the expression of a Dionysian powerfulness of soul. * * * It is obvious what I misunderstood. It is obvious in like manner what I bestowed upon Wagner and Schopenhauer—myself.

He read his own enthusiasms, his Hellenic ideals, into the least Greek among music composers. Wagner himself was at first pleased and yet not a little nonplused at the idolatry of Nietzsche. And remember that the young philologist was also a musician as well as a brilliant writer.

Following Schopenhauer in his main contention that music is a presentative, not a representative art; the noumenon, not the phenomen—as are painting and sculpture—Nietzsche held that unity of music is undeniable. There is no such dualism as instrumental music and vocal music. Sung music is only music presented by a sonorous vocal organ; the words are negligible. A poem may be a starting point for the composer, yet in poetry there is not the potentiality of tone (this does not naturally refer to the literary tone quality of music). From a non-musical thing music cannot be extracted. There is only absolute music. Its beginning is absolute. All other is a masquerading. The dramatic singer is a monstrosity—the actual words of Nietzsche. Opera is a debased genre. We almost expect the author to deny, as denied Hanslick, music any content whatsoever. But this he does not do. He is too much the romantic. For him the poem of "Tristan" was but the "vapor" of the music.

Music is the archtype of the arts. It is the essence of Greek tragedy and therefore pessimistic. Tragedy is pessimism. The two faces of the Greek art he calls the Apollonian and the Dionysian impulses. One is the classic, the other the romantic; calm and beauty as opposed to bacchantic ecstasy. Wagner Nietzsche identified with the Dionysian element, and he was not far wrong; but Greek? The passionate welter of this new music stirred Nietzsche's excitable young nerves. He was, like many of his contemporaries, swept away in the boiling flood of the Wagnerian sea. It all appeared to him, the profound Greek scholar, as a recrudescence of Grecian, Dionysian joy. Instead, it was the topmost crest of the dying waves of romanticism. Nietzsche later realized this fact. To Brandes he wrote:

> Your German romanticism has made me reflect how the whole movement only attained its goal in music (Schumann, Mendelssohn, Weber, Wagner, Brahms); in literature it stopped short with a huge promise—the French were more fortunate. I am afraid I am too much of a musician not to be a romanticist. Without music life would be a mistake. * * * With regards to the effect of "Tristan" I could tell you strange things. A good dose of mental torture strikes me as an excellent tonic before a meal of Wagner.

Nietzsche loved Wagner the man more than Wagner the musician. The news of Wagner's death in 1883 was a terrible blow for him. He wrote Frau Wagner a letter of condolence, which was answered from Bayreuth by her daughter Daniela Von Bülow. See the newly published Overbeck Letters.

Nothing could be more unfair than to ascribe to Nietzsche petty motives in his breaking off with Wagner. There were minor differences, but it was "Parsifal" and its drift toward Rome that shocked the former disciple. What he wrote of Wagner and Wagnerism may be interpreted according to one's own views, but the "Parsifal" criticisms are forever sound. That parody of Roman Catholic ceremonial and ideas, and the glorification of the abnormal, with the consequent degradation of womankood, Nietzsche saw and denounced. "I despise every one who does not regard 'Parsifal' as an outrage on morals," he cried. To-day his denunciations are recognized as wisdom. He first heard "Carmen" in Genoa, November 27, 1881. To his exacerbated nerves its rich southern melodies were soothing. He overpraised the opera—which is a sparkling compound of Gounod and Spanish gypsy airs; an olla podrida as regards style—but he knew that this was bonbon music compared with Wagner. And the confession was wrung from his lips: "We must first be Wagnerians." Thus, as he escaped from Schopenhauer's pessimism, he plucked from his heart his affection for Wagner. He had become Zarathustra. He painted Wagner as an "ideal monster," but the severing of the friendship cost Nietzsche his happiness. An extraordinary mountain mania attacked him on the heights of the upper Engadine. All that he had once admired he now hated. He had a positive genius for hatred, even more so than Huysmans; both writers were bilious melancholics, and both were alike in the display of a heavy handed irony. With Nietzsche's "ears for quarter tones"—as he told Brandes—it would have been far better for him to have remained with Peter Gast in Italy, while the latter was writing that long contemplated study on Chopin. Nietzsche loved the music of the Pole who introduced into the heavy monochrome of German harmonies an exotic and chromatic gamut of colors.

If Wagner erred in his belief that it was the drama not the music which ruled in his own compositions (for his talk about the welding of the different arts is an æsthetic nightmare), why should not Nietzsche have made a mistake in ascribing to Wagner the most impossible ideas? Wagner's *music* is the Wagner music drama. That is a commonplace of criticism—though not at Bayreuth. Nietzsche taught the supremacy of tone in his early book. He detested so-called musical realism. These two men became friends through a series of mutual misunderstandings. When Nietzsche discovered that music and philosophy had naught in common—and he had hoped that Wagner's would prove the solvent—he cooled off in his faith. It was less an apostasy than we believe. Despite his eloquent affirmation of Wagnerism, Nietzsche was never in his innermost soul a Wagnerian. Nor yet was he insincere. This may seem paradoxical. He had felt the "pull" of Wagner's genius, and, as in the case of his Schopenhauer worship, he temporarily lost his critical bearings. This accounts for his bitterness when he found the feet of his idol to be clay. He was lashing his own bare soul in each scarifying phrase he applied to Wagner. He saw the free young Siegfried become the old Siegfried in the manacles of determinism and pessimism; then followed "Parsifal" and Wagner's apostasy—Nietzsche believed Wagner was going back to Christianity. There is more consistency in the case of Friedrich Nietzsche than has been acknowledged by the Wagnerians. He, the philosopher of decadence and romanticism, could have said, as said Baudelaire to Manet: "You are only the first in the decrepitude of your art."

The Rising Tide of State Socialism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "I'm in favor of the law but agin its enforcement," said a celebrated statesman once upon a time.

"I am against the law but in favor of its enforcement," say our present day statesmen who are confronted with socialism in its myriad forms, ever new, ever old.

"I am opposed to socialism in all its forms," wrote a United States Senator to me not long ago; but that same Senator voted in favor of a gigantic piece of socialism now proceeding on the Isthmus of Panama in the shape of a $500,000,000 canal. What's the odds, as long as it's the other fellow's money we are spending?

Our statesmen at Albany are all "agin socialism" of course, but they have voted another piece of socialism, of a particularly offensive sort—a barge canal at public expense and for the behoof of private shippers. It appears to be their idea that it is the business of the State to help private citizens get cheap freights at public cost.

And the pity of it all is, as Richard Olney of Massachusetts said in his pro-Bryan blast this week, that "both parties are tarred with the same stick." But worse pity yet, the fact does not seem to impel any one to make a firmer stand against the rising tide of State socialism or to do anything more patriotic than to drift weakly with the current. Even Richard Olney himself in the very letter I have quoted urges this nation to elect as President a greater and more dangerous Socialist (if such a thing is possible) than the one now in the White House. G. I. B.

BROOKLYN, September 19.

Curious Attitude of an Anglo-Indian Journal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have just received a copy of the *Pioneer*, the influential Anglo-Indian newspaper which in my day was started by a Government chaplain, and afterward edited by Mr. Sinnett, the author of "Esoteric Buddhism." There is an article minimizing the guilt of the murderers of Gossain, the informer, by his fellow prisoners in Alipore jail. They are compared to Harmodius and Aristogiton, the slayers of the Athenian tyrant Hipparchus, and are regarded as patriots and heroes. A friend writing from Lahore says a native paper thanks the English editor of the *Pioneer* for "disclosing the angelic character of the English rulers." The whole thing is most incomprehensible and would seem to indicate an entire change of front on the part of a paper which has for many years been regarded as one of the leading journals of British India. ANGLO-INDIAN.

NEW YORK, September 20.

Candidate's Shines and Shaves.

From the Rock Hill Record.

The law requires candidates to file an account of their expenses before each primary election, and most of them have complied with this act, their accounts being now on file with the Secretary of State for the second State primary. Commissioner Caughman makes a return of $206, and Cansler of Tirzah of $18.35. Cansler's statement includes two shaves at the reduced rate of 25 cents for the two, two shines for five cents, and 50 cents for Sunday dinner.

Allies of Troy.

Shirts, collars and cuffs valued at $15,000,000 are made in Troy every year.—*Item.*

There's a laundry up in Harlem
 Where they've torn the buttonholes
From a number of those collars
 As they ran them through the rolls;
There's another one in Jersey
 Where they've ironed sundry cracks
In the turn down neck adorners,
 Ere they hung them on the racks.

There's a laundry down on Broadway
 Where some hundreds of those cuffs
Were destroyed with fiendish cunning
 With the acid washing stuffs;
There is one in Greenwich village
 Where a thousand neck bands fell
In their battle with the irons—
 And a thousand shirts as well.

There's a laundry out in Cleveland,
 There is one in Buffalo,
There is one in San Francisco—
 They have laid that invoice low;
There should be some out in Pittsburg,
 In Detroit, in Roanoke,
Each engaged in this glad mission—
 Saving Troy from going broke.

CHARLES R. BARNES.

THE RIVAL TURBINE TYPES.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—Opinion as to the respective merits of the Parsons and the Curtis turbines is at present somewhat divided. Those naval officers who have made an intelligent study of the subject with a sole view of arriving at conclusions are rather disposed to prefer the Curtis type. But the Parsons model has been in use a number of years. It is better understood by seafaring men, and of course the details of its construction have been reduced to something near perfection. On the other hand the Curtis turbine is developing rapidly and some of the experts are inclined to think that it has been evolved from a better original idea.

Much interest attaches to the forthcoming comparison of the two types under the management of the Navy Department. Among the latest of our vessels put in commission are the two cruisers the Chester and the Salem, the first equipped with the Parsons and the second with the Curtis turbines. It is the present purpose of the department to institute a competitive test between the two for the purpose of eliciting their qualities under actual seagoing conditions. Meanwhile, however, the partisans of the Curtis advance these claims to excellence on its behalf:

1. It requires only two screws for the ship, whereas the Parsons calls for four, and the assumption is that four shafts penetrating the hull of a vessel multiply the difficulties of construction without giving any superiority in the matter of practical results.

2. Less engine room space is needed for the installation of the Curtis turbines.

3. The two large screws in the Curtis equipment will drive a ship better and more evenly against a head sea than the four smaller Parsons screws, which in rough weather cannot work harmoniously.

4. The two screw Curtis ships will handle better in practice with the two screw reciprocating engine ships than with those of the Parsons type.

The Government is now building two 20,000 ton battleships, one with Curtis turbines and the other with reciprocating engines, and two more were contemplated in the appropriations of a few months ago. These four ships will constitute a division and it would be a tactical mistake to adopt for any of them a departure from the double screw installation. It is held by good authorities that unless it can be shown that the Parsons variety of turbines is superior to the Curtis the new ships should be adjusted to the latest models. Indeed the reciprocating engines might well be dismissed altogether should the approaching tests clearly indicate the excellence of the Curtis innovation.

It is true that the Curtis patents and rights have been acquired by the Fore River Ship and Engine Building Company, and so other builders will have to pay for using the Curtis model. But the believers in the Curtis type maintain that this fact should not be permitted to interfere. The Government, they say, wants the best, and the conflicting interests of individuals should not stand in the way. To give out a contract for ships with reciprocating engines or Parsons turbines after a demonstration of the superiority of the Curtis or any other type of turbines is not to be thought of. When the tests have been concluded we shall know better.

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

Is It an Attempt to "Dictate a Miracle to the Deity"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A despatch from Ithaca advises us of the fact that preachers in the local churches have been praying for rain on account of the long continued drought and threatened loss of the crops.

It is certainly a remarkable thing that in this age of flying machines, wireless telegraphy and keratoplasty there should still be people superstitious enough to pray for a dispensation of this sort. These same people would doubtless be horrified if we should suggest that they sit in front of the coffee urn in the morning and pray for it to boil without lighting a lamp under it, yet the thermodynamic considerations involved in the saturation point of the atmosphere and the conditions under which the suspended vapor is precipitated in the form of rain are as definitely subject to natural law as are the conditions under which the water will boil in the coffee urn.

It is of course the complex interplay of a multitude of modifying forces, such as electro-magnetic influence, the rotation of the earth and wind currents, that renders our attempts to prophesy the weather rather empirical and allows the preachers to exploit the superstitious instincts of the ignorant in their futile attempts to set aside natural law in the exercise of their craft.

Does it ever occur to these good people who pray for rain for the crops that they are in a sense dictating to the Deity the manner in which he shall perform the miracle? Why not pray directly for good crops and let him bring about the desired result in any manner he chooses? Surely the miracle in one case is no greater than in the other, and incidentally the process will not interfere with their neighbors, some of whom may wish to get in their hay or have plans laid for a picnic or an excursion.

ALBERT R. GALLATIN.

NEW YORK, September 17.

A Despairing Call to the Rain Makers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What has become of the rain makers? If their discovery is of any value, what better opportunity could they have for proving it than is offered in the North and West, where we are told timber to the value of millions of dollars is being destroyed by fire which can be checked only by rain?

Old Prob promises little in the way of immediate rain. Why do not the gentlemen mentioned above do something for the good of the country and at the same time avail themselves of an opportunity to line their own pockets?

NEW YORK, September 19. CURIOUS.

Studies in Harvard Quinquennial.

From the Harvard Graduates Magazine.

Three points of the compass are here—North, South and West—and there are Easton and Eastman, but no East. Here, too, are England, France, Ireland and Wales in full, and the dwellers of many other countries, viz: Dane, Hun, Lombard, English, French, Scott, Dutch, Pollak, Norman, Rhinelander, Germain, Irish, Switzer and Welch. At a glance we discover Fayerweather, Cloud, Fogg and Gale, Frost and Snow, Rivers, Eddy and Ford; Hill, Highlands, Moors, Field and Meadows; Pool, Pond, Lake, Shore, Lee, Harbor, Haven, Whorf, Dock and Pier; Day, Noon and Morrow, but no Time; Spring, Summer and Winter, but no Autumn. The only Doubt who ever took a degree at Harvard graduated in 1747—just forty years later than Devotion. Gamble, Hazard, Risk and Luck are all on the roll. The body, too, is represented by Head, Arms, Hand, Legg, Shinn, Withers and Foot. For wear there are Brogan and Boots, Bonnet, Belt, Capps, Collar, Cape and so on. Blight, Dole and Paine are balanced by Bliss and Joy; Wanton by Virtue, Noyes by Still, Moody and Cross by Smiley and Gay, Stout by Lean, Short by Long, Far by Nye, Savage by Sweet, Poor by Rich.

Detests and Admires.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have just got in from a tour eastward, where, I am sorry to say, I could not get THE SUN—nor any other newspaper. Allow me after twenty-five years of reading your paper to say (by what means or for any reason I know not what) your editorials and even your news items are to me a relief. They are grand. I detest lots of things you write, detest lots of your opinions, and yet I am not satisfied if I do not read my SUN. JOHN P. LEIGHTON.

NEW YORK, September 20.

At Stoke Poges.

Gray was writing his elegy in a country churchyard.

"If this doesn't go I shall write up Democratic headquarters after the election," he announced.

Herewith he threw in a few more melancholy lines.

The Pen Is Mightier Than the Tongue.

Knicker—You know that "speech is given to man to conceal his thoughts."

Bocker—Well, penmanship does it even better.